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Cordelia and Queen Katharine.*

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I.

The secret of the great hold which Shakspeare has on the world lies, not in the intricacy and skilful conduct of the plots of his dramas, but in their human interest. He was not a mere spinner of plots,—a mere concocter of theatrical situations, as most of our modern playwrights are,—he was the closest student of human nature that the world has ever known. His contemporary, Ben Jonson, whose book-learning was enormous and whose skill in dramatic construction was very great, failed utterly to impress the world as Shakspeare impressed it. And we need not go far to find the reason of this. Ben Jonson's characters are puppets in his hands; they are embodied symbols of vice or virtue, but not real men and women. And so, great as Jonson was, the fall from Shakspeare to him is so sheer that the Elizabethan drama began to decay with his advent. Milton's estimate of the two most eminent of the Elizabethan poets is expressed in *L'Allegro*:

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild."

The strength of Shakspeare lies not in the stories of his plays. He generally borrowed them transmuting their dross by his genius into gold. It lies in the reality of his characters. The more we study them, the more this fact

becomes apparent. His men are all admirably drawn. Whether they be in the toga of Cæsar, the doublet and hose of Horatio, or the Moorish garb of Othello, they are men,—men that might have lived in any age and, with a difference in circumstances, have worn any garb.

II.

But the women created by Shakspeare are even greater masterpieces than the men. It is rarely that a woman writer puts a man into her books who can stand the stress of masculine judgment. The heroes of our modern women novelists are generally very unlike real men. Very few men writers have succeeded in depicting women as they really are; for women are very hard to understand; and while a woman may intuitively come to understand a man, no man ever comes really to understand a woman. The old Egyptians doubtless knew this when they made the Sphynx in feminine form. There have been a few exceptions to this rule, however—exceptions which have shown themselves in literature; Shakspeare is the most notable of them. The hand that drew Macbeth, Othello, Iago, Hamlet, Shylock—the hand whose magic gave the world the warrior and the villain, the philosopher and the king—could also interpret the flash of Beatrice's eyes, the friendship of Rosalind and Celia, the motives of Portia, and the suppressed tears that welled from the heart of Cordelia.

It seems to me that Cordelia is the most essentially feminine of all Shakspeare's heroines. She is so sensitive, so modest, so scrupulously true. Pretension affects her as a cold blast the bulb of a thermometer. She is, above all, gentle; her voice is "ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in a woman." She hates display or exaggeration; she knows her sisters,

* Lecture delivered before the pupils of St. Mary's Academy.

Regan and Goneril, so well—she has shrunk away from them so many times when they have loudly and violently proclaimed falsehood as truth, that she, like the mimosa, closes her lips reticently in their presence and says nō more, or perhaps even less, than she means. She is deeply affectionate: she loves her father as only such firm yet gentle natures can love. She is steadfast of purpose; she will never desert a friend, even if her life were to pay for her constancy; yet she will profess with her lips no more than she feels. If Cordelia lived among us to-day, if she were an American girl, instead of a Briton princess of the pagan times, we should perhaps think her cold and reserved, and make, in a less degree, the mistake that King Lear, her father, made. One can imagine her slight, erect, delicate-featured, with soft, clear eyes, often hidden by their long lashes, and a wild-rose color in her cheeks. We may be sure that, while Regan and Goneril, her sisters, attired themselves in all possible barbaric splendor—while ermine and the furs of all rare animals adorned their robes and heavy golden bracelets set with uncut gems hung on their arms—that she, in her studied simplicity of dress not unbecoming a king's daughter, was like a white rose between two flaming tiger lilies.

III.

Lear, one of the early kings of Britain, feels himself growing old. His daughters, Goneril and Regan, have married the dukes of Cornwall and Albany. Lear longs for leisure. He is an impetuous, unreasonable king, warm-hearted, proud, generous, who will brook no opposition to his impulses; who judges love by fine words and by the gifts it brings. He is so hot-headed that he is blinded by his own passion; he is mentally blind. King Lear is a tragedy of storm—a tragedy of gloom and horror. In Ben Jonson's hands the theme would become unbearable: his art was not great enough to enable him to see that the highest effects are obtained by laying "white on black and black on white." Ben Jonson would have made the story of Lear all dark; but Shakspeare casts through the storm-clouds a ray of light so pure, so white, that, while it makes the darkness visible, it relieves its terrors.

Lear, in spite of the advice of his good friend, the Earl of Kent, resolves to divide his kingdom among his three daughters. The king of France and the duke of Burgundy are suitors for Cordelia's hand, but they have not as yet received a decided answer. They all enter a room in King Lear's palace. The king says:

"Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death."

He goes on to ask which of his three daughters loves him most that he may bestow a share of his dominions in proportion to her love. He asks Goneril, his eldest daughter, to speak first. Goneril determines to make it impossible that her sisters can say more than she. She protests that she loves her father more than eyesight, space, or liberty, beyond all that is most rich and rare,

"No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor."

As much as a child ever loved a father, with a love too deep for words. Cordelia, listening to this and knowing her sister's falseness, says to herself,

"What shall Cordelia do? Love and be silent."

Lear asks:

"What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak!"

Regan tries to outdo Goneril. She declares that her sister has said what she would say, but not with sufficient strength. She is happy, she says, only in her father's love. The old king is pleased; he gives each of his daughters a third of his dominions. Then he turns to Cordelia, whom he loves most of all, and asks her what she can say to secure a richer share than her sisters. Cordelia's love of truth and her modest nature have been shocked by the plain desire of Goneril and Regan to exaggerate their feelings for gain. The portion she desires most is her father's heart, not his possessions. And yet ought he not to know this? Is not she his child, and does that not mean that she owes him the tenderest affection? Moreover, if her sisters love her father so entirely, why have they married? She might say that she loves him alone, because she has no husband. But they!—how can they say so? And then her heart is wounded by her father's offer of a reward for the protestations he expects her to make. She cannot out-rant her sisters, merely that she may gain what her father has to offer. No; she would love him all the more if he were penniless. Her love is too great for words. "Speak!" the king says. "Nothing, my Lord," she answers. "Nothing?" he asks, incredulously. "Nothing," she answers again. "Nothing will come of nothing," he says, sternly. Then Cordelia replies sadly and gently that she cannot put her heart into her mouth,—that she loves her father dutifully; and we see that her sensitive mind shrinks

from even the appearance of measuring her affection by the value of the gift her father offers for it. Cordelia loves truth and duty above all things. Shakspeare has made her Christian in heart at a time when Christianity had not yet been preached in Britain. We can imagine Cordelia, had St. Augustine come in her time, among the first to ask the envoy of the Pope for baptism. She tells her father that she owes him the utmost love. If, she adds, she should ever marry, half her love and duty would be her husband's.

"Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all."

Lear, who is accustomed to the grossest flattery, can hardly believe that he has heard aright. "So young and so untender!" he exclaims. And then he casts off his daughter in horrible anger. Her frankness is pride, he cries; since she loves truth, let truth be her only wealth. Raging and storming, the old king announces that he disinherits Cordelia, and divides his kingdom between Goneril and Regan. He says that he will retain the name and dignity of a king and that he will retain a hundred knights, to be supported by his daughters and their husbands, and go each month, with his train, to make his abode with Goneril and Regan. Kent, who understands Cordelia, tries to interfere, but he is banished. The Duke of Burgundy, finding that Cordelia is to have no lands, withdraws his suit for Cordelia; but the king of France, being of nobler stuff, cries, bowing low and taking her hand: "Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor!" Lear tries to induce him to leave the wretched creature whom he has almost cursed. But France knows hollow metal from true, and he determines to make Cordelia his queen. Cordelia shows no resentment against her father, though he has, in his madness, tried to make her an outcast on the face of the earth. She thinks only of his sad fate left to Goneril and Regan. She knows their faults; but being their sister, she will not accuse them. "Love well our father," she says, at parting. Regan retorts: "Prescribe us not our duty." Cordelia goes away without a look or word from her father; she is sorrowful, but firm in the belief that if she does her duty, the old king will yet learn how true her heart is.

No sooner have Goneril and Regan made sure of the old king's possessions than they begin to plan against him. He was always rash, they say; he has turned in a moment against his best-beloved Cordelia, and banished the trusty Kent. Goneril and Regan, false as they are, know well that truth was in these two. Already they

begin to think of means by which their father may be shorn of the little he has kept for himself.

Lear, with his hundred knights, takes up his abode with Goneril. She instructs her servants to make him feel he is not wanted there. Lear's jester,—his court fool,—twits his master with his rashness in giving up his kingdom; and the king, for the first time, begins to realize what he has done. Wild with anger, he curses Goneril and exclaims:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

Lear hastens away towards the palace of his other daughter. He finds that Goneril's letter has been there before, and soon Goneril arrives. Both sisters now make common cause against the old man from whom they have nothing more to expect. Regan will not receive him with more than twenty-five knights. Lear, to whom his kingly state is as dear as life, turns to Goneril. He will go back to her, she has offered him fifty. Here Goneril asks him why he needs so many attendants, and Regan demands why he needs even one. This is too much for the old king,—a monarch from his youth up, to whom deprivation of his royal state is worse than death. The love of his daughters is a broken reed. He thinks of Cordelia now; his heart almost breaks; but he will not weep,—what! he, a king, drop tears. Leaning on the arm of his fool, and attended only by the faithful Kent, who follows him disguised as a servant, he flings himself into the storm, and the words, wrung from a bursting heart, break from him,—"O fool! I shall go mad!"

His daughters hear the winds roar and the rain beat against their walls, but they have no pity for their unhappy father out on the plain, "where for many a mile about, there's scarce a bush."

Lear, out in the storm, wretched, deserted, raves aloud as if to vie with the thunder, and then, remembering to what he has been reduced, he cries out:

"I am a man
More sinned against than sinning."

And yet in all his wretchedness, verging on madness as it is, the nobler part of his nature shows itself. His fool, who loved Cordelia too, tells him that a roof even with his ungrateful daughters is better than the storm. But Lear will die rather than go back to those children who have joined the elements against a head so old and white as his. He pities the faithful fool.

"I have one part in my heart
That's sorry for thee."

The fool tries to keep up the spirits of the king with snatches of old songs.

"He that hath a little tiny wit,
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day."

Lear thinks of Goneril and Regan,—"your old, kind father," he mutters, "whose frank heart gave all!"

He shudders and checks himself. The very thought tempts him to madness. Madness does grow on the king. Some critics think that Shakspeare meant to insinuate that Lear was already growing mad when he gave away his kingdom. This to me seems to be a mistaken view. What was more natural than that an aged monarch of over four score should give up the cares of government, trusting his children and their husbands as he did? That he had an impetuous and exacting temper is evident; that he asked much outward respect is also plain, and that he could not distinguish empty flattery—a language he had grown used to in his court—is also plain. But there is no more to show that Lear's mind became unbalanced, until the awful facts of his own foolishness and his daughters' vileness were thrust upon him, than there is that Hamlet was really mad. Added to the sense of his daughters' treatment—"Goneril kicked me," he moans—is remorse for his treatment of Cordelia. His mind is venomously strung by this remembrance.

Gloster, the friend of Lear, has sent him to Dover, for fear his daughters may do him further harm; he has also had a letter from the French queen. For this, Regan and her husband, Cornwall, put out his eyes. Albany, the husband of Goneril, is a just man, who has had no part in the sins committed against Lear. The French army lands in England, the French king is obliged to return home, but he leaves his troops, under the command of his Marshal, in England. Cordelia is with them. The poor, distressed Lear, who is sometimes sane, knows that Cordelia is near; but he is ashamed to see her. Cordelia, who has come only for his sake, hears that he has been seen wandering in the fields, crowned with rank weeds, "hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo-flowers," and others plucked from among the corn. She commands that every acre of the high-grown field be searched, and promises all she is worth to the physician who shall restore his reason. The physician answers that rest, "the foster-nurse of nature," and simple remedies that may induce sleep may restore him.

A learned doctor remarks that Shakspeare

was ahead of his time in this prescription; for in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. the cleverest physician believed that insanity was always possession by the devil or evil spirits, and that no human means could assist its cure. We must remember that no matter in what age or in what country Shakspeare laid his scene, his allusions are always Elizabethan and English. In "A Winter's Tale," the scene is in Bohemia, yet the garden contains the flowers of Stratford; in "King Lear," we have Cordelia actuated by Christian precepts of conduct, though she is supposed to have lived many years before the coming of Our Lord; and there is an allusion to the Emperor Nero in the play. This anachronism has much concerned some readers. But "King Lear" is not a history, but a tragedy. You all know that in Our Lord's time, table-clothes were not used, as they were in Italy when Leonardo da Vinci painted his famous "Last Supper." Are we to value Leonardo's great picture the less because the large cloth, carefully folded after the cultivated manner of the Renaissance, covers the sacred table. The letter in art and literature often kills the spirit. The spirit of Shakspeare and Leonardo is what we value; we can overlook details.

V.

Lear is found and brought unconscious into the French camp. The physician makes music sound, and Lear gently wakens. He does not recognize them; he says they have done him wrong to take him out of the grave. He sees Cordelia and thinks she is a soul in bliss. "When did you die?" he asks. Cordelia forgets everything but her father's wretched plight; she is in agony at the sight of him. Now we see how deep her love for him really is. The king of France, her husband, prizing his dowerless wife above rubies, came into England at her solicitation, to right her father's wrongs. It was not ambition that brought him there; it was the spectacle of Cordelia's speechless grief for her father's wretchedness. Seeing Lear in a stupor before her, her heart almost breaks. Her color changes; she trembles and fixes her eyes on the wan face of him she loves more than life. She speaks no words against her sisters; but we understand how deeply their fiendish ingratitude has entered her soul.

"Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross-lightning? To watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him."

We can almost hear the tremor of her voice when she sees the helpless condition of her poor old father, whose white locks have only lately streamed in the storm-winds. She prays her father to bless her. His senses come back and a glimpse of reason. He has learned a lesson in the storm. All his life he had been told by his courtiers that he was everything; his daughters, Goneril and Regan had treated him as a god. Cordelia alone had been honest; and when the thunder would not be silent at his command, he learned the truth: that Lear, without his crown was less than the lowest beggar. No divinity hedged him in; of all the troops of flatterers, there was not one who would have opened a door to let the mad king in.

"Pray do not mock me," he says, when Cordelia has asked his blessing, loving and reverencing him the more for his misfortunes, as a mother clasps most tenderly a crippled child to her breast.

"I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

At last he recognizes Cordelia; he is no longer the hot-headed, imperious monarch, but a gentle old man.

"Pray now forget and forgive, I am old and foolish;
You must bear with me."

The physician tells Cordelia to trouble him with no questions, with rest he may yet recover fully.

The French army is defeated, and Lear and Cordelia taken prisoners. They are now in the power of the fiend-like sisters. Cordelia does not rant or moan. She accepts her fate with patience; she says in her soft, low voice:

"We are not the first
That with best meaning have incurred the worst."

But she is cast down for her father; if he could be righted, she would willingly suffer herself. The old king becomes very gay: "Come away to prison," he says, as the guards lead them out,

"We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.

..... So we'll live
And pray and sing and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies."

He does not care for prison walls since they give him Cordelia. Goneril and Regan die,—Goneril, jealous of Regan, poisons her and then stabs herself. But before doing this, Goneril has given orders that Cordelia and Lear shall be murdered in prison. A ruffian attempts to hang Cordelia; Lear kills him and enters the presence of the Duke of Albany, who is friendly

to him, bearing the body of Cordelia. She is dead, but he does not know it. He catches at every straw in the hope that she is alive. All his happiness hangs on her breath which he hopes may show itself on the mirror he asks for. Let her but speak and all his sorrows are nothing! But she does not wake. Those eyes so frank and clear are forever silent. The only consolation left to the old king is that she has loved him so truly. Albany resigns the kingdom —his now by the death of his wife, Goneril, and Regan and her husband,—to the aged Lear. To what end? The old madness seizes the king. He rants and raves, a thunder-storm seems to cross his mind. He gazes into the sweet, patient face before him—the face of this flower of womanhood. She who would not flatter him, has left her kingdom and even her kind and generous husband for his sake. He breaks forth:

"Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all. Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never!"

And then gently and softly he speaks again and dies. He has gone to join her whom he so cruelly wronged and whom he loved so well.

VI.

Mrs. Jameson, whose name, like that of our own Miss Starr, ought to be dear to the lovers of the beautiful in literature and art, says of Cordelia: "There is in the beauty of Cordelia's character an effect too sacred for words and almost too deep for tears; within her heart is a fathomless well of purest affection, but its waters sleep in silence and obscurity, never failing in their depth, and never overflowing in their fulness." Her character is completely made out in the course of a few scenes, and we are surprised to find that in these few scenes there is matter for a life of reflection, and materials enough for twenty heroines!

Schlegel, the great German critic, writing on "King Lear," says: "Of the heavenly beauty of Cordelia's soul, I will not venture to speak."

Shakspeare has contrasted it with the horrible wickedness of her sisters who have no redeeming virtue. Goneril and Regan could only have lived in a pagan time, while Cordelia could have been conceived only by one who knows what the Christian ideal of womanhood is.

VII.

From Cordelia it seems easy to pass to the consideration of another of Shakspeare's woman-characters. Wonderful was the genius that could paint a Cordelia, a Goneril and a Regan; a Portia and a Lady Macbeth; a Cleopatra and a Queen Katharine of Aragon. Passing from Cordelia to Queen Katharine, we go from out

the mistletoe-wreathed oaks of Druidical Britain to Christian England; from a land of myths to a land of reality; from fiction to history. Katharine of Aragon, the noblest character in "Henry VIII," was the youngest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. The fact that the discovery of America was in a manner due to her mother—the generous and resolute Isabella the Catholic—ought to surround her with special interest.

Katharine was not beautiful—there is a picture of her by Hans Holbein still in existence—but she was good. Truth and duty were the basis of her character as they were of Cordelia's. In fact, one may almost believe that Katharine in her youth would have played the part of Cordelia had she been put in similar circumstances. Let me call your attention to one evidence of Shakspeare's great power. He has dared to do what few dramatists, or novelists, have dared to do: he has taken a character from real life, and without making her handsome, or tricking her out with ornaments that might dazzle us and purchase our favor for her, he relies entirely on her moral worth. Katharine is religious; all her virtues spring from her piety, and we love her for her virtues.

You know her story. If there was ever a scoundrel and conscienceless tyrant on earth it was her husband, the eighth Henry. He was worse than a Turk because he added hypocrisy and sacrilege to all the Turkish vices. He married the Spanish princess by all the laws of God and man. Then, growing tired of her, he declared that she was no longer his wife; his conscience reminded him suddenly that she had been engaged to marry his dead brother. He appealed to the Pope to declare the marriage void. The Pope, being infallible in matters of faith and morals, could not do it. Henry then sent Katharine away, separated her from her beloved little daughter, the princess Mary, and married Anne Boleyn. Later he found an easy way of getting rid of Anne. He chopped her head off—which was much less tedious than trying to have his marriage annulled. Could the Pope have been false to the teachings of Christ, Henry would not have established a church of his own.

VIII.

Shakspeare shows us Queen Katharine in her power. He shows her pleading for the people, as history tells us she always did. After that fatal May day, when the apprentice boys of London entangled themselves in a riot, was it not she who saved the lives of the flower of them, much to their poor mothers' joy? Then

she was indeed a queen, grave, serene, gentle and merciful, and yet not without a touch of Spanish pride.

Katharine, after her fall, finds herself apparently without friends. Her daughter is torn from her, Cardinal Wolsey—the king's great adviser—is against her. She is cast down, while her rival, Anne Boleyn, is exalted. Her only hope lies in God and his vicegerent on earth. Little does she dream that the Pontiff, rather than make terms with iniquity, will lose the whole realm of England. She abates not one jot of her claims as queen; she is dutiful and loving—Henry admits that, her greatest pride is to be his respected wife. Shakspeare makes her in her imprisonment try to drive away her cares with music. "Take thy lute," she says to an attendant, "my soul grows sad with troubles." And the gentlewoman sings:

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

"Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die."

Outside, the men are silent in the queen's cause; they dare not speak against the tyrant's will; but the women are up in arms; they feel that the queen's cause is the cause of her sex. Inside the song of the waiting woman is interrupted by Cardinal Wolsey and his companion, who come to try to make Queen Katharine obey the king and agree to the annulment of the marriage. She knows that Wolsey is serving his king better than his God, and she warns him to beware lest the weight of her sorrows fall upon him. Later, perhaps, when he too has fallen under the capricious hatred of the royal tyrant, he remembers this.

The king, in defiance of the Pope, marries Anne Boleyn. Katharine, sick and weary, ready to die, but fearing to leave her daughter, hears at Kimbolton of the death of Wolsey. She says:

"Tell me how he died;
If well, he stepped before me happily
For my example."

She sums up the Cardinal's defects, and Griffeth her attendant asks leave to mention his virtues. Katharine consents, and with touching magnanimity exclaims:

"Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him."

Queen Katharine's fondness for music is again noted. She speaks to Griffeth:

"Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to."

She falls asleep. She sees a vision of six angels in her dream. She awakes with the words,

"Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?"

The music, after the celestial notes she has heard, seems harsh. She bids it cease. She grows pale; her face is drawn; her eyes show that death is approaching, and yet she does not forget that she is a queen,—a queen of England, in spite of all, a daughter of Isabella of Castile. She has strength enough to rebuke the messenger who enters with unmannerly haste. He comes to announce Capucius, the ambassador from her nephew, the Emperor Charles V. He tells her that the king has sent him with good wishes.

"O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic given in time had cured me;
But now I'm past all comfort here but prayers."

She gives the ambassador a letter to the king. She commends her child to him, and asks him

"a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him
Heaven knows how dearly."

She thinks of her servants and says, almost with her last breath, to Capucius:

"As you wish Christian peace to souls departed
Stand these poor people's friend."

Capucius, moved as he might well be, responds:

"By Heaven I will,

Or let me lose the fashion of a man."

Katharine bids him tell King Henry that his long trouble is passing out of this world. "Strew me over with flowers becoming one who died a pure wife," she says. She will die like a queen; although a queen unqueened, she will be buried as a queen and daughter of a king. "I can no more," she murmurs, and then her weeping maids lead her out to die with the crucifix pressed to her lips.

Here the play ought to end; but another hand than Shakspeare's had added another act which is both frivolous and incongruous. In the epilogue we are told that the tragedy was written to please good women, "for such a one we showed them."

And the highest praise that the world can give Shakspeare is that he created, out of reverence for true womanhood, a princess like Cordelia and a queen like Katharine, who were noble, not because they were royal, but because they were womanly.

The Beauties of Virtue.

BY H. A. HOLDEN, '91.

"If there's a Power above us,—
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue."

Of poets some have possessed this celestial strength, others have not; but every poet since the days of Job, has sung the beauties of virtue.

Black, ugly, frightful, hideous, a thing to be hated, this is vice; fair, beautiful, engaging, heavenly, a thing to be loved, this is virtue. It is self-sacrificing, courageous, the essence of strength, the soul of true bravery, the enemy of vice, the joy of the good man, the ornament of woman, the grace of youth, the crowning dignity of age, the foundation of society, the peace of the soul, the assemblage of all graces, the perfection of all perfections—the sure and joyous road to heaven. It knows not the lashings of conscience, the sharp sting of remorse. It is sweetness, all tenderness, all pity for the sins of others.

"When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from opened paradise,"

in all its wondrous beauty it walks forth and evil vanishes away. Pride and riches it hates, but it often dwells with the poor and the lowly. It is a gem above price. Easily lost, difficult to regain. It is a psalm of praise, an act of love for the Divine Beauty. Humility and prudence are its friends; it is the companion of wisdom, the twin sister of the fear of God. It has a glad heart which "maketh a cheerful countenance." The fair daughters of divine grace—Faith, Hope and Charity—it embraces in its wide-extending arms. It stands on the plain of life,

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Happy is he with whom virtue abides; 'tis the health of his body, the life of his soul; where it is, there also are peace and contentment. It forbids idleness; it labors unceasingly. It is that for which life is worth living; without which earth would be a hell. It is wise: laying up knowledge; nourishing itself with the Bread of Angels; drinking from the Fountain of living waters. It includes all beauties, embraces all perfections. It is a garden wondrous fair, in which grow all the flowers of the soul.

As a light, large, brilliant and far-shining, placed on the top of a high mountain, lights up the surrounding darkness with the brightness of the noonday sun, so over this dark world of sin shine the radiant beams of virtue reflected from the awful brightness of the Almighty.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

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Notre Dame, February 15, 1890

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-THIRD year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

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| | |
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| JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91. | D. BARRETT, '90, |
| | R. ADELSPERGER, '90. |

—In an eloquent and practical sermon delivered by Rev. President Walsh at the Church of the Sacred Heart, last Sunday, he dwelt with particular emphasis on the conduct of Catholic students and the responsibility resting upon them to give good example. "It is impossible," said he, "to exaggerate the consequences of bad example shown by a Catholic young man to his fellow-students. Many of those, who are not members of the Church are scandalized at the conduct of those who, possessing the true faith, disgrace by their actions the religion they profess." Words that should be heeded by the students everywhere!

—The *Ave Maria* numbers some distinguished English writers among its contributors. Aubrey de Vere, who is acknowledged to be the wearer of Wordsworth's mantle, had a sonnet in a recent number. The venerable Charles Kent, another prominent English author, to whom both

Dickens and Browning addressed the last letter they wrote, is also of our contemporary's brilliant staff. Mr. Hilliard Atheridge, of the *Dublin Review*, Katharine Tynan, the reverend editor of the *Month*, and the author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," are occasional contributors. With writers like these, and the best American talent, it is no wonder that the *Ave Maria* easily ranks among the best Catholic magazines in the language. It has readers in every part of the world.

For St. Edward's Hall.

Our young friends of the Minim department rejoice in the acquisition of several beautiful statues with which their hall is now adorned. They were procured for them in Paris by their venerated patron, the Very Rev. Father General Sorin who accompanies his gift with the following characteristic letter. It will be read with an interest more than ordinary because of the circumstances under which it was written when exposed to the dangers of the sea:

"LA NORMANDIE, Jan. 27, 1890.

"MY DEAR YOUNG PRINCES:

"Here we are on a stormy sea, having made in two days the trifling distance of 555 miles. Were it not for our boundless confidence in your fervent prayers, I would almost despair of seeing you again for months, for the voyage looks very dark. But I repeat again and again to my venerated companion that his angelical nephews pray for him more ardently than ever, and he believes it and feels confident we will reach home safely and promptly. He is all right. We have bought for you the three statues you desired; but every one of a better model than those already known at the "Palace." We visited twice the four best houses in Paris, and selected, as far as we knew, the three most perfect articles in the great Capital; hence, the delight we anticipate you will experience.

"The statue of Our Blessed Mother, nearly six feet high, is the most beautiful one I ever saw. She smiles on the Divine Child. St. Joseph is of the same size. The archangel is the dearest. But when you see him you will say, as I did, that he does not adopt any half-way measures with the devil. Three such beautiful monuments in your midst will prove precious indeed. You will never forget the impression they make on your generous souls.

"What a contrast between them and those images the world multiplies on all sides to the vile and corrupt slaves of Satan! I shall myself share in the blessings they will bring among you: for, long after I am gone, not to return, you will remember, in your noble hearts, the one who never felt happier than in his constant efforts to secure your own happiness for life and forever.

"Your devoted

"E. SORIN."

A Monument to Prof. Lyons.

We commend to the attention of the Alumni and former students of Notre Dame the following communication from the Rev. L. J. Evers, '79, of New York City. It is to be hoped that interest in the project of erecting a lasting

memorial of the lamented Professor will continue unabated, and that a decision in regard to an appropriate design will be speedily reached. The monument should certainly be erected before Commencement Day next June. We await further communications in regard to the plan suggested by Father Evers. He writes as follows:

"ST. CATHARINE'S RECTORY,
NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1890.

"EDITOR OF SCHOLASTIC:

"I was very much delighted to see, through the medium of your columns, a movement started to erect a monument to the memory of one whose name shall ever remain dear to every old student of Notre Dame, PROF. J. A. LYONS. It is over a year ago, shortly after his death, since I talked over the subject with one of the officers of the University, and was still thinking over it when I saw the notice in the SCHOLASTIC of Jan. 11.

"It is unnecessary for me to say anything in support of or why such a movement merits the kind attention of every student who ever had the happiness to know, much more to have been a pupil of, Prof. Lyons. His is a character which *will* not and which *should* not die. Those who are able to appreciate the value of character, and who knew dear Prof. Lyons, must admit that his was a noble, a true, a Christian and sterling character. The poet says, in those oft-repeated lines,

'The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.'

"Will not that noble, kind, gentle character, which shone forth in every act of Prof. Lyons, will it not, I say, have a lasting effect on those who had the happiness to be students during the past years at Notre Dame?

"Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to make a suggestion to you, and through you to all old students of Notre Dame. In your issue of Jan. 11, I see that a movement is started to erect a shaft to the departed professor. Allow me to say I would prefer to see a life-size statue of Prof. Lyons placed in the lawn of the University, or in front of Science Hall, with an appropriate inscription, which will be a lasting monument to his memory and which will arrest the eye of every future student of Notre Dame. 'The lives of great men all remind us.' Yes, the noble, self-sacrificing life of Prof. Lyons in behalf of Christian Education, by the erection of such a monument, will be a reminder to past as well as to future students of Notre Dame, that all can, by imitating him, make their lives Christianly sublime. For the old students of Notre Dame this would be a small tribute to his cherished memory. If, Mr. Editor, you can call forth their generosity to make such an effort, put my name on the list, as an old student, for \$100.

"I am yours truly,

"L. J. EVERES, '79."

Competition.

Competition is the means by which our abilities are tested, and is, if conducted properly, a fair and impartial trial of our worth in any capacity. It is ever and always the scourge of indolence and falsehood, the defender of industry and truth. At home, at school, on the farm, in the workshop, before the bar, in the pulpit, I may say in all the walks of life, there is and must be competition.

At home, what a natural rivalry there is among children, each one as it were making it his duty to excel the other in obeying that beautiful command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and not in this only, but in their every act. At play, if jumping the rope, each sister wants to have the honor of being the best. If playing marbles, how anxious each brother is to be the best, because not only his honor but his marbles are at stake! Thus by competition parents become cognizant of their children's qualities whether good, bad or indifferent.

Competition at home is vastly different from that abroad. At home we have it in its mildest form, and for that very reason we often make use of the expression: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." There our faults are excused, our glory is not at stake; and whether good or bad, we are treated much alike.

What a contrast we observe between home and college! How quick we perceive the change when we enter a class, each one doing his main and might to excel the other, working as though their lives depended upon their knowledge of the task imposed; and how natural it is for us to take hold and follow to the best of our ability! We find there is no chance here for indolence: each one receives what he justly deserves; no more, no less.

Competition divides us and metes out justice to all of us. It distinguishes the industrious scholar by giving him credit for his talent. The indolent scholar is exposed and pointed out by it; the cheeky scholar by it is brought to time; and the modest scholar by its means is not imposed upon. Whether they be rich or poor, old or young, it is ever and always their impartial judge. Does a scholar study so earnestly because his studies are interesting? What is it that is so striking about his studies that he works so faithfully? Is it because his teachers command him, or his parents advise or encourage him, that he so willingly exerts himself? To all these questions I answer: No. "You can't put an old head on young shoulders"; consequently the

young scholar is not capable of appreciating how much his future success depends upon education. Hence the advice of his friends, his teachers, and even of his parents would be of no avail were it not for competition. That is the cause of all this faithful study; by it ambition is instilled into the scholar, and this arouses his natural love for honor and makes him exert all his powers of mind and body to attain it.

Finally, our school-days are over. Perhaps our calling is that of a business man. When we enter the field of business, what do we observe? We find men engaged in the same business in which we are—some perhaps poorer, some perhaps wealthier, but in every case having the same end in view. Again, we are aroused to action by competition, but now by competition of a different nature. In this case we have two objects for which to contend, namely, our honor and our means of living. Those are the objects that cause all the excitement and confusion common to business. To the influence exercised over us by our natural love for those objects is added that of ambition, and ambition drives us to our work, which consists in competing or contending with opposition. We find, consequently, that competition is the soul of every occupation, at home, at college, and in active life.

B.

Falsehood.

God forbids us in the Eighth Commandment to bear false witness against our neighbor. By false witness He means not only false testimony, rash judgment, backbiting and slander, but also the telling of lies. We may lie by our words and by our actions. We lie by our words when we wilfully and intentionally say something which is not true; we lie by our actions when we perform them with the intention of deceiving others. Now, lying by actions is especially practised in two ways: first, by feigning good qualities which we do not possess, and secondly, among students it is very frequently practised by deceiving their professors in regard to studying their lessons. They come to class without being prepared, and then, behind another person's back, they endeavor to read out of the book what they should know by heart. And we have seen students go even further. Being too lazy to study, they write out the lesson and bring the copy into the class-room, where they use it in such a manner that, while they seem to be only playing with a piece of paper, they are in reality reading off the lesson. A well-educated and truthful student feels in-

dignant at such a mean way of acting; but the liar is not even ashamed of it. He even thinks to deserve praise for the skill which he displays in deceiving others, and therefore, it is not seldom that we hear such a person boasting of his success in his low trade. But it is only himself that approves of his conduct. How can we be pleased with a person whom we cannot trust, whom cannot believe! To love such a person would be nothing else than loving one's own ruin.

Every lie, whether in word or in action, is displeasing to educated gentlemen. They despise a liar, and do not wish to have any dealings with him. In this they are acting wisely; for if we become acquainted with a liar we shall soon find out that he is also a thief; or if he is not one yet, he will soon become so by necessity, because by the fact that people cannot place any trust in him, and do not like to be in his company, they will not give him the necessary opportunities of earning means for his subsistence. He becomes poor, and is tempted to seek to supply his wants by the low trade of a thief. It may be that it does not always go so far; still a lie is a sin, and cannot remain unpunished. Besides, a liar is even a greater thief than one who steals money or other property. He steals what is most dear to man: honor, good name, knowledge of truth, peace and happiness.

We would therefore caution young men from giving way to any such mean traits of character as the foregoing, for as the twig is bent so will the tree grow. If a young man finds in himself the inclination to practise fraud that he may be placed on a footing with such of his fellow-students as are more industrious and persevering, he should at once place a restraint upon his weakness in this respect; he should reason with himself that honesty and honor alike forbid such unfair dealings. By checking such inclinations in youth he will soon grow out of them altogether; he will obtain the confidence of his fellows; and if it happens that he does not hold as high a place in his class as they, he will still command their honor and respect, while at the same time really losing nothing in his studies;—for these petty frauds will eventually make themselves known, and the honors for which the deceit was practised will be awarded to whom they are due.

Boys should not think these things mere trifles, not worthy of consideration or check, as they do not intend them to go any farther; if they do not nip fraudulent inclinations in the bud they will gradually enlarge and work them-

selves deep into their character, gaining strength by age.

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence set in motion
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary then."

Books and Periodicals.

Herbstblumen. Von Fr. Wilhelm Färber. *America* Press: St. Louis, Mo.

The above collection of poems is called *Herbstblumen* (Autumn Flowers), because the Rev. author composed them when the summer of his life had long passed by. Filial devotion towards the holy Mother of God dictated the many and beautiful *Marienlieder*, and the good priest's holy inspirations during the various festivals of the ecclesiastical year, and in the exercise of the sacred ministry, found expression in his other religious poems. And even when the playful muse descends upon secular topics, his productions show in every line the heart of the devoted and saintly priest. Father Färber never intended his poems for publication; but when he saw the elaborate preparations which his many friends and grateful parishioners were making to celebrate his Silver Jubilee on the 5th inst., he prepared the present collection for publication, and dedicated it to his *confrères* and friends as a souvenir of his Silver Jubilee, at the same time begging them, as he says, *non tam domum dantis, quam dantis amorem respicere*.

—We have received from the publishers—J.B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia—the "Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. By Edwin S. Crawley." This new work presents, in as concise a form as is consistent with clearness, that portion of the subject of Trigonometry which is generally given in a college course.

Exchanges.

—The one draw-back to the *Concordiensis* is the slip-shod manner in which its exchange column is edited.

—*College Chips*, of Decorah, Iowa, has added a Norwegian department which, we suppose, is full of interesting reading-matter.

—*The Atheneum*, of West Virginia University, is worthy of better support than we judge it is receiving, from the tone of an editorial.

—"A Race against Time," in the *Wooster Collegian*, is a vivid description of Nellie Bly's recent tour around the world in seventy-five days.

—A "Letter on Style" in the *Spectator* does not have reference to "the dress of the outer man," as one might infer from the title, but is a practical talk on the means of acquiring a good literary expression.

—A new college paper is a candidate for patronage at the Illinois Wesleyan University, and of course *The Elite Journal* is thundering broadsides of invective against the temerity of what it pleases call its infant contemporary. The *Journal* needs a wakening up of some kind.

—The *Virginia University Magazine* says:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is short and sweet, principally short as regards literary matter."

The SCHOLASTIC is published weekly, and in each of its issues we venture to say that it contains as much literary matter as the monthly journal above quoted. The *Magazine*, by the way, is a poor college paper and not a good magazine. We suggest that it change its mongrel character, and become either a representative college publication, or that to which it is at present nearest akin—a repository for waste-basket trash.

Personal.

—Mr. Max Polachek, late U. S. Consul to Belgium was a welcome visitor to the College on Thursday.

—Among the welcome visitors were Mr. Edwin W. Wile, of '71, and his mother, Mrs. Jacob Wile, Laporte, Ind.

—Mr. N. Treff, of S. Evanston, Ill., passed a few pleasant days at the College visiting his son in the Junior department.

—Rev. T. L. Vagnier, C. S. C., Rector of St. John the Baptist's Church, Earl Park, Ind., paid a very pleasant visit to Notre Dame during the week.

—It is with feelings of delight and gratification that the Faculty and students have received the welcome news that Senator Jas. O'Brien, of Minnesota, a member of the Alumni Association and a former Professor at the University, has been appointed Chief Justice of New Mexico. His record as a leading lawyer of the "Badger State" has been a source of much pride to his *Alma Mater*, and on this occasion, when his merit is recognized by the Government, she tenders him her heartiest congratulations and wishes him all possible success in his new office.

—The sad news has reached us of the death of Mr. Charles V. Larkin (Com'l '85), who departed this life at his residence in Wheeling, W. Va., on the 8th inst., in the 28th year of his age. The following notice of the deceased appeared in the *Wheeling Intelligencer* of Feb. 10:

"The death of Charles V. Larkin, which occurred Saturday night at the home of his mother, was the cause of much sorrow and surprise to his many friends. He was a young man of more than ordinary talents. He was educated at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, where he was a favorite with his classmates on account of his genial and liberal disposition, and the love and esteem of his professors by his apt learning and rapid progress. On his quitting school he engaged here in business with his brother; but being of a literary and active turn of mind, he discontinued mercantile life and commenced an active course of reading, and as a pastime painting and drawing, for which he showed a re-

markable talent, gaining quite a local reputation on account of character sketching. He was considered good authority on almost any historical or literary subject. Serious colds had sowed the seed of consumption, which fatal disease was the cause of his final dissolution in the meridian of life."

—The Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Order of the Holy Cross and founder of the famous University of Notre Dame, arrived home on the evening of the 6th inst. from France, completing his fifty-first trip across the Atlantic. He made the return voyage on the French steamer, *La Normandie*, which arrived at New York on the day before, and which experienced such a frightful passage. Father Sorin was welcomed at the depot by the Faculty and students of Notre Dame, and after a rousing greeting the happy party proceeded to the University, where a reception was given in the grand parlor of the main building in honor of Father Sorin's safe return, and also in honor of his 77th birthday anniversary. The reception-room presented an impressive scene as the many members of the Faculty and the large number of students welcomed the friend who has become so dear to them. After the greetings an adjournment was had to the banquet-rooms, where was spread many tempting dishes. Among the toasts of the evening were "Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII.," "Our Host, the Venerable Founder of Notre Dame," "The University of Notre Dame," and "The Juniors Past, Present, and to Come." The toasts were responded to in a most feeling and impressive manner, paying a high tribute to the Founder of Notre Dame and to President Walsh.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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Local Items.

- Snow has all gone.
- Fine weather again.
- Did you see the "bars"?
- How much a line, Greeley?
- Last Tuesday was a beautiful day.
- The Juniors boast of a "Bell-faculty!"
- Drilling out doors will soon commence.
- Next Saturday is Washington's birthday.
- Look out for those exhibition drills next Saturday.
- "Shorty," we congratulate you. Hurrah for New Mexico!
- "Resolved," says the Band, "that practice makes perfect."
- Some new scenery is being painted for the play on the 22d.
- The Philodemics expect to give a public entertainment soon.
- We noticed a few cases of early fever last Tuesday—spring fever.
- James M. Brady received the best average in the Junior department
- There will be a meeting, as usual, of the Philodemics this evening.

—He favors "Signal Service Reform" because the weather does not suit him!

—The number of students following the French courses is unusually large this session.

—The Band was out marching last Thursday. They have an extensive repertoire of excellent music.

—Why is Indiana like a cranky old man? Both are subject to sudden changes of temperature.

—Republicans and Democrats are busy holding caucuses for the opening of the Philodemic Congress.

—The person having "The Lays of Ancient Rome" will confer a favor on the librarian by returning it.

—Many fine curios, received from Europe during the week, have been placed in the historical museum.

—Among the latest acquisitions to Literature is "The Mystery of the Haunted House" by a talented young novelist.

—The Columbians will be organized next week under the direction of Rev. M. J. Regan, C.S.C. Success to you, Columbians!

—Geo. says that his new work, "Hints on Agriculture and Sheep Raising," will be ready for publication before Easter.

—That "whang doodle" down town is a steam "siren"; we wonder if the "sirens" who captivated Ulysses were "whang doodles."

—The attendance at the University has been greatly increased by the number of new arrivals with the opening of the second session.

—Immense quantities of brick for the new shops have been piled in sheds off the Niles road. Work on the structures will begin early next month.

—In the list of averages published in last week's SCHOLASTIC, L. Sanford should have been credited with 80, J. S. Johnson 74, and Porter Fleming 78.

—We have been warned against taking baths. A student of one of our history classes, speaking of a great character, remarked: "Unfortunately, he took a bath and died."

—The competitors for the vacant office in "gym" faculty met outside the other morning and settled their claims by force. "Apples" was declared victor and took his office.

—The Thespians are preparing the "Sign of the Rose" for the 22d. They have a fine caste of characters, and under the training of Prof. Brogan we expect something first-class.

—There was a "bear" dance on the lawn last Tuesday; two walking beggars attended by two bears entertained the boys with a dance and wrestling match. The hat was passed around.

—We wish it distinctly understood that all cigars sent to the Staff must be free from duty. It is sometimes embarrassing to receive a bill for the box sent by an enthusiastic but absent-minded admirer.

—The Eastern papers sent to the Sorin Hall reading-room by Mr. Alfred B. Miller, of the *South Bend Tribune*, are among the most popular of those on file. Hearty thanks are tendered the gentleman by all who have access to the reading-room.

—A grand literary, musical and dramatic entertainment will be given next Saturday (Washington's Birthday) at 4.30 p. m., under the auspices of the Thespian Association of the University. The play produced on the occasion will be Prof. Egan's new drama in Two Acts, entitled "At the Sign of the Rose."

—The subjects of the essays for graduation in the various courses of the University were given out during the week. In the courses of Classics and Letters applicants for degrees have a choice of any one of the three following subjects for their first essay: "The Obscurities in the Text of Hamlet," "The Dramas of Aubrey de Vere," "An Analysis and Review of 'Dion and the Sibyls.'" In the courses of Sciences and Civil Engineering the subjects selected are "The Nature of Force," "Progress in the Art of Bridge-building," "The Rings of Saturn." The diversity of subjects affords great opportunity for original thought and deep research. "What subject have you chosen for your essay?" is the important question asked by the Grads now. As the first papers must be handed in by the 15th of March, it behooves the young competitors to get to work at once.

—The 13th regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held Saturday evening, Feb. 8. Messrs. J. Dorsey and A. Flynn were admitted to membership. The programme of the evening was then taken up. Mr. J. R. Fitzgibbons read a very well-written criticism upon the previous meeting. The debate "Resolved, that a standing army is a benefit to a nation," was argued on the affirmative by F. Chute and J. J. McGrath, and on the negative by E. Berry and William Healy. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative. The Rev. Director addressed a few words of congratulation to the society on its progress and success during the past session, and the earnestness of spirit shown by its members in making the meetings pass as pleasantly as possible. He also advised the turning of some of the meetings into a congress; and a committee consisting of J. B. Sullivan, W. Meagher and J. R. Fitzgibbons were appointed to confer with the Rev. Director on the matter.

—**LAW DEPARTMENT.**—The case of the State of Indiana *vs.* John Lewis was finished Saturday evening. The Jury brought in a verdict for the defendant acquitting him of the charge of murder. Long and Lane represented the State, McWilliams and O'Neill the defendant. The case attracted considerable attention and showed very diligent work by the young attorneys. The arguments made by the young men were very good, and it is needless to say that

their effort was well received. . . . The subject of the morning lecture is Evidence. . . . The lectures have been recently compiled and embrace the latest decisions. Prof. Hoynes spares neither time nor trouble in the preparation of his lectures, and the interest the students take in them shows that they are fully appreciated. . . . The P. M. class are, at present taking notes on Sales. The case on docket for to-night (Saturday) is Metzger *vs.* the Lowell Bank. Burns and Blackman attorneys for the plaintiff, Dougherty and Kelly for defense.

—The best ball game since the preliminary playing began was that of Thursday last. The number of spectators was rather smaller than usual, but what was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm. The batteries were Cabana and Hayes of the *Reds*, and P. Fleming and Combe for the *Blues*; Hayes captained the former nine, while Long managed the *Blues*. The game was interesting from the start. The *Reds* opened with a vengeance; but after the third inning they did not seem to be able to find the ball. The *Blues* played a steady game and won by the score of 8 to 6. The umpiring was done by M. Reynolds and D. Kelly, while J. B. Sullivan kept tab on the runs. The base-ball chances for the coming season are very good. The "special" team will be strong in the field, while the "box" will be ably filled. There seems to be some doubt as to who will do the work behind the bat, but the chances are that Hayes and C. Flynn will officiate there, and in that case we can rely on a strong battery.

—At a meeting of the Leonine Society, held last Thursday in Holy Cross' Seminary, the debate which was announced in our last issue took place. Several visitors were present and all expressed themselves as delighted with the manner in which the contestants acquitted themselves. "Resolved, that the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, was justifiable" was the subject under discussion. Mr. T. Crumley opened the debate for the affirmative, and was heard with lively interest and satisfaction. Mr. J. Gallagher responded for the negative. His arguments were clear-cut and his expressions precise. F. Curry then arose, prepared to neutralize the inroads which Mr. Gallagher's eloquence had evidently made upon the sympathies of his audience. His discourse was well-worded and very effective. J. Just closed for the negative and his effort called forth rounds of applause. Finally, Mr. Crumley, as first speaker, made a critical review of his opponents' argument and closed with a powerful plea for the affirmative. As a whole, the debate was a great success. It was conducted with subdued earnestness, and showed great research and clear insight into the details of this complicated question.

—As noted in our last issue, St. Edward's Hall, on Friday the 7th inst., was the scene of great rejoicing, when the Minims assembled

together to congratulate Very Rev. Father General on his 76th birthday and to greet him and Father Granger with words of welcome after their perilous voyage. A very interesting entertainment was presented according to the following

PROGRAMME:

| | |
|---|---|
| Vivat Pater!—Vocal Class— | C. McPhee, J. Looney, G. Vandercook, H. Gilbert, G. Roberts, C. Connor, W. Connor, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, F. Cornell, G. McPhilips, V. Washburn, D. Gilkison, H. Montague, F. Holbrook, W. Walsh, B. Morrison, P. Stephens, C. Furthman, E. Elkin.—acc'd by H. Durand. |
| Welcome!..... | J. O'Neill, F. Cornell, F. Wever |
| “Turkish Patrol”—(Michaelis) Piano..... | H. Gilbert |
| Birthday Address.... | C. Connor, C. McPhee, H. Durand |
| March—Martin..... | H. Durand |
| Recitation—The Holy Family..... | E. C. Donnelly |
| | C. Connor. |
| “Patria March”—(Lend) Piano..... | D. Thornton |
| “Burns at Gettysburg” (Brett Harte)..... | W. Walsh |
| Recitation,—“A Parson’s Wit” (W. Riley)..... | E. Elkin |
| Recitation—“Mr. Brown’s Predicament”..... | F. Cornell |
| “La Ravissant” duet (Alberti)—H. Durand, F. Cornell | |
| “Eighteen Fourteen”..... | H. Gilbert |
| “Tout a la Joie” (Fahrbach) Piano..... | H. Durand |
| Recitation “Emmanuel”..... | J. O’Neill |
| Recitation “The Sanctuary Lamp”..... | C. Connor |
| “Home Sweet Home” (Lange) Piano..... | H. Gilbert |
| Recitation “Sir Hubert’s Last Hunt”..... | J. O’Neill |
| “Birthday Greeting” Vocal Class..... | J. Barbour |

The Minims deserve the highest praise for the creditable manner in which they played their parts. Particular mention should be made of Master James O’Neill whose voice and gesture showed that he is possessed of rare elocutionary talent. Speeches complimentary to the “Princes,” and of felicitation to their venerable Patron, were made by Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Fathers Spillard, Fitte and others. Very Rev. Father General expressed his great pleasure at the entertainment, congratulating all who took part on the credit which they reflected upon their teachers and themselves.

—An “Old Boy” writes thus enthusiastically about the Band of ’56: “The old historic band, to the prowess of which Leonidas and his three hundred would certainly yield the palm—for noise and wind. What greater title of nobility could earth confer than the membership of this gallant phalanx, whose fame is indissolubly linked with that of the noblest seat of learning in the New World! The great Grecian hero withstood for a time the onslaught of Xerxes’ armed hosts, but he would have certainly turned tail (succumbed) to the warlike, soul-inspiring and blood-curdling strains of that famous musical organization before whose brassy blasts and breezes old fogies *Æolus* and *Boreas* would hide their diminished heads with shame and trembling! God be with those old times, their chimes and rhymes! To have been a member of that illustrious body—a drummer, triangler, fluter, fifer, piper, bassoon or drum-major—was to have borne the Banner of *Excelsior* to the highest Alpine peaks; to have gained a statue in the highest niche of Fame’s exalted Fane! to have reached the *Ultima Thule* of all human excellence; to have been enrolled among the

immortals; and, like Neptune, to have governed the unruly winds, storms, tornadoes and cyclones of aerial vibrations in the interest or for the destruction of happy or unfortunate mortals, whose ears, like those of Jessica, could ‘drink in the music of sweet sounds,’ or like Cassius, hear the wailings of Gehenna, or an orchestra of feline Thomases in every sound that issued from the yawning mouths of braying brass—each of which belched forth such a volume of atmospheric impulses or vibrations, commonly termed noises, as would drown the din of pandemonium, or make Gabriel’s great trump seem the soft murmuring of a gentle zephyr, or the tiny twinkling of an *Æolian harp*!”

♦♦♦
Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Anderson, Blodgett, Brookfield, Bunker, H. Bronson, Burns, H. Brannick, E. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Burger, Brelsford, Brennan, Cabanna, Combe, Cassin, Carroll, Cassidy, G. Cooke,* C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, Clayton, E. Coady, T. Coady, Cosgrove, Crall, Dorsey, Dennis, Davis, Dyer, Darroch, J. Flynn, A. Flynn, P. Fleming, Ford, Fisk, Garfias, Giblin, Grange, Grimes, Houlihan, Herman, Healy, Heard, Hackett, B. Hughes, E. Hughes, Hempler, Hummer, Hoover, W. Hayes, E. Hayes, Hynes, J. S. Johnson, Jewett, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, J. King, J. Kelly, Krembs, R. King, Kunart, Lesner, Lair, Lappin, Lynch, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Louisell, Latson, Mock, McWilliams, McAuliff, McKee, McAlister, G. McDonnell, Mithen, McConlogue, McGrath, Meagher, Metzger, J. Newman, H. O’Neill, O’Shea, W. O’Neill, Parker, Powers, Paradis, Pyplacz, Portilla, H. Prichard, Rebillot, Rothert, Robinson, L. Sanford, C. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Schaack, J. Smith, J. B. Sullivan, Scherrer, D. J. Sullivan, Soden, Standard, Sanchez, O. Sullivan, Tivnen, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat, White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Adler, Aarons, B. Bates, E. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bruel, Bos, Bradley, Barger, Barclay, Burns, Cunningham, Coll, J. Connors, Collman, Cheney, Delaney, Dempsey, DesGarnes, DeLormier, Elder, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Garrison, Gross, Grund, Hull, Hannin, W. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hague, Hahn, R. Healy, Hoerr, Jacobs, Kearney, Keough, J. Leonard, Lamberton, Lorie, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, L. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, F. McKee, McNally, McIvers, McCormack, F. Neef, A. Neef, Otis, Pomeroy, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Roper, Stanton, Scott, Seerey, Sokup, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Swan, Treff, Tivnen, Tetard, Tinsley, Welch, Weston, Wile, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, Wolff, Wertheimer, White, Young, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, T. Burns, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, Covert, C. Connor, Coquillard, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Ezekiel, W. Finnerty, Frankel, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, Funke, Flynn, Greene, D. Gilkison, Gilbert, A. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnsberry, C. Lamberton, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhilips, Morrison, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, Oatman, Priestly, L. Paul, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Walsh, Weber, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler,

* Omitted by mistake last week.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Warm thanks are tendered Miss B. Hellman for a most acceptable gift to the pupils' Infirmary.

—Miss Mary Schermerhorn has been named President of St. Angela's Literary Society for the present session; Miss F. Burdick will fill the same post in St. Agnes' Society, of which Miss I. Cook is Vice-President and L. Young Treasurer.

—The academic meeting of Sunday last was presided by Very Rev. Father General, whose kind words and encouraging smile give pleasure to all. After the class and conduct averages were announced, Miss O. O'Brien read an adaptation of Miss A. E. Starr's account of an ocean trip fourteen years ago, when the steamer *Americque* was forty-one days in reaching Havre; the Minims then asserted themselves as powers in the school; they were represented by Louis and Maggie McHugh and A. E. Dennison. Father General expressed himself as pleased to be home once more, and to see so many happy faces, which indicated the faithful performance of duty.

—The session's work of the art pupils was on exhibition in St. Luke's Studio on the afternoon of February 7, and attracted much favorable notice. Specimens of each pupil's skill, from the first lines of beginners to the exquisite studies of those in the highest class showed, according to Prof. L. Gregori, an accuracy truly worthy of praise. The pencillings which indicated special talent, improved by attention and application, bore the names of the Misses Hamilton, Hull, Schaefer, Smith, Crane, S. Dempsey, K. Hurley, Violette and Fitzpatrick. A study of blocks by Miss Hurff, and a head by Miss Hammond were specially commended by the examiners, as was also a study of acorns and leaves, in water-colors, by Miss L. Curtis; Misses Nellie Morse, H. Studebaker and M. Schiltz also had some very creditable work in water-colors. Those who had exhibits of crayon work were the Misses Horner, Stapleton and Piper. In oil, there were several fine efforts by the Misses Schiltz, Robinson, Regan, Hellman and Holt. All have reason to congratulate themselves on the evident progress they have made; and, no doubt, the studio will present a fine collection of specimens of all branches of art at the close of the scholastic year.

—The semi-annual entertainment which is always given at the close of the first session of the school year is, in reality, a public examination of the advanced classes in instrumental and vocal music, French, German and English composition and elocution. The programme selected is always a most interesting one, and its rendition is looked forward to with pleasure by all; but when, as was the case on Friday, Feb. 7, the *soirée* is "a welcome" to Very Rev. Father General, a new charm is added to it.

When the voice of duty calls St. Mary's best friend away his absence is keenly felt, and rejoicing follows his return. The perils that attended Very Rev. Father General's last voyage awakened anxiety in all, and not until *La Normandie* was moored in safety in New York, did fears subside. The welcome extended him on his arrival was heartfelt indeed, and found partial expression in the following programme:

"Hungarian Intermezzo".....*P. Scharwenka*
Misses L. Curtis and O. O'Brien.

Greetings.....*E. Flannery*
Chorus—from "Lucrezia Borgia".....*Donizetti*
Vocal Class.

Accompanied by Miss L. Curtis.

Valse Caprice—"Man lebt nur einmal" *J. Strauss-Tausig*
Miss O. O'Brien.

Souvenir de la Patrie.....*Miss K. Morse*
"Russian Nightingale".....*Alabieff*
Miss B. Hellman.

Accompanied by Miss O. O'Brien.

Rhapsodie "d'Auvergne".....*C. Saint-Saens*
Miss E. Flannery.

Recitation—"Die Domglocke zu Erfurt" Miss M. Piper
Quintette—from "Martha".....*Flotow*
Misses B. Hellman, C. Dempsey, N. Hale, I. Horner, T. Balch.

Recitation—"The Last Sigh of the Moors" Miss M. Hurff
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 4.....*F. Liszt*
Miss L. Curtis.

Essay—"Purple and Fine Linen".....*Miss A. Hammond*
"Ring out the Wild Bells".....*Chopin*
Vocal Class.

Marche Heroique.....*Schubert*
Misses M. McFarland and D. Deutsch.

The music, both instrumental and vocal, was worthy the commendations it received, as were also the literary features of the entertainment. Very Rev. Father General thanked the young ladies most graciously for the greeting they accorded him, and invited the Rev. President of the University to make a few remarks which he did with happy effect. Very Rev. Father Granger then addressed the pupils in French, after which Schubert's Marche Heroique marked the close of the *soirée*. Those present at the entertainment, despite the inclemency of the weather, were Very Rev. Father Granger, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Spillard, Maher and Saulnier, Mrs. E. Wright, Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. J. Berte-ling, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. and Miss Gregori.

Obituary.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—Doubtless you have already heard of the death of our dear SISTER MARY GONZAGUE. Her death was in correspondence with her beautiful life as a Religious. She was just one week sick, during which time she was an example of obedience and patience. A murmur was not heard to escape her lips; and although she realized for two or three days previous to her death that she would not recover, she would not mention it, fearing to cause the least anxiety. She made her confession on Sunday afternoon, received the last Sacraments Tuesday morning, also Holy Communion on Thursday and Friday mornings. She asked several times during Thursday night, if

it were not morning yet; and finally when told the last time that it was four o'clock, she said: "O He is so long coming!" referring to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. She died about three hours after receiving Holy Communion, was perfectly conscious up to almost her last breath, when she was heard to say: "Sweet Jesus, mercy!" Rt. Rev. Bishop Scanlan offered the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for her at 7 this morning, in our chapel, then the *Requiem* Mass was sung at 8.15, after which the remains were taken to the depot, and sent to their final resting place.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, SALT LAKE CITY,
FEB. 9, 1890.

Unwritten Songs.

Nature seems to have ordained that at certain intervals the veil of secrecy, behind which she often hides her treasures, is drawn aside to disclose that which she deems most necessary for every epoch. But since "the stars sang at creation's dawn," has song been heard upon the earth; its power over nations, its potency in subduing the passions, in soothing the mind distracted by cares, is acknowledged by all; for is there a heart that music cannot move? Even the heart of melancholy bows in submission to the siren of harmony. Song has its mission, and nobly is that mission fulfilled: it seems to calm the fiercest grief, to soften the pangs of suffering, and to drive despondency from the heart.

Song is poetry adapted to music embodying some sentiment above the scope of mere speech; with its witching charm it seems to touch the tenderest chords of the heart which respond to the strains, be they joyful or sad. There are songs that speak to one in gladness or in sorrow, and there are songs without words, as well as songs that have died unsung. Then, too, nature has its melodies: how soft the music of the running waters as they dance and gurgle over the old gray rocks, rushing down through the green valleys, or through mountain passes, like children at play; and at intervals their sweet sounds fall upon the ear bringing with them memories, perchance, of happy childhood. Listen to the low rustle of the forest trees as their leaves and branches sway to and fro in the evening breeze, reminding one of a stately monarch who rules a vast kingdom. Look at the oak with its gnarled old arms and majestic form; it has stood the storms of cycles, but it stands in a garb of mourning for those friends long since dead, and its leaves seem to sing a requiem over the past.

"The music that reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a mother's heart"; how gently are infant griefs hushed by a smile, a caress from mother! Almost the first instant the little one is hurt, it hastens for comfort to mother's side, and a word is sufficient to soothe the pain. Not only the child clings to the smile and look of

a mother, but the man who has travelled long on time's highway looks back to the days of his childhood with all the longing of a Hagar in the wilderness, and in his soul there is a memory sweet yet sad, and that memory is of a fond mother. That musical voice is once more speaking to him, and as he listens, trying to recall her kind words of advice, her last smile, a tear falls unbidden upon his bronzed cheek, and in fancy he beholds the funeral cortege which so many years ago followed the lifeless form of her who was nearest and dearest to the shaded avenues of "the city of the dead."

While life has been sweetened by the ministrations of melody, many a song has died in the heart of the poet. The world laments the early death of a Keats, a Shelley, and hosts of others whose pen gave promise of beauty; but the voice of the critic has hushed many a child of genius whose songs would else have flooded the earth with music.

"Unspoken words are valueless until we give them birth," and how many words of cheer have been left unsaid! Kind words are the music of the world; they have a potency before which all things must give way. Let us then "hide not the music of the soul, but let it, like a shining river, roll to deserts dry, to hearts that would rejoice"; for 'tis only the music of kind words that has power to bring sunshine into the soul, and make it like to the angels, the spirits of joy and light.

CECILIA DEMPSEY (Class '90).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Bernhart, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Butler, Beck, Clarke, Cunningham, Cooper, Coll, Currier, Crane, Churchill, Cochrane, Curtis, Crilly, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, N. Davis, Deutsch, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Dolan, De Montcourt, Donahue, English, E. Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fosdick, Green, Ganong, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Holt, Hagus, A. Hanson, Hellman, Hale, Hull, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Haight, Hepburn, Hughes, Hemelspeck, Jungblut, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, McFarland, F. Moore, N. Morse, McLoud, K. Morse, McCarthy, Maher, McHugh, Murison, McCune, Mullaney, S. McPhee, Marley, M. Moore, Nickel, Norris, H. Nester, O'Brien, Otis, Plough, Piper, Pierce, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Regan, Rinehart, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Studebaker, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Schiltz, Schaefer, Smith, M. Schermerhorn, Shrock, N. Schermerhorn, Tormey, Thirds, Van Mourick, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, M. Clifford, E. Cooper, M. Culp, M. Cooper, M. Davis, B. Davis, Ernest, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, L. Kasper, Levy, Mabbs, N. McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, A. O'Brien, O'Mara, Patrick, Palmer, Philion, E. Quealy, E. Regan, Reeves, Rüger, Robbins, Shirey, M. Scherrer, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Soper, K. Sweeney, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, Wood, M. Wagner, Wright, N. Wurzburg, L. Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Coady, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.